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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Well, the Wigwam did not fall.

Again the dark horses have been left at the post.

Chicago's gulls may now wander back to the World's Fair.

Two conventions of discipline will now be followed by a campaign of education.

Baby McKee must have regard for the safety of his son in his campaign against Baby Ruth.

There will be several sore threats after Chicago, but there ought not to be any more heads.

Kavachol is sentenced to death. And for the credit and safety of India he must certainly die.

A son of New York proved quite a favorite at Chicago. And, really, he was her New York's favorite son.

Congressmen are eager for adjournment. In a Presidential year more fun and funds are found in the head than in the house.

The new element in the campaign will be the political history that has been made since the other time it was Cleveland and not Harrison.

The Kaiser doesn't believe in vaccination. Let Europe would breathe no easier if it could be sure the impudent young monarch were thoroughly inoculated.

An effusive heartiness must have pervaded the "Macy Happy Returns" of those Newton employees to whom their employer, on his birthday, gave \$100,000 in cash remembrances.

CRIME ON EAST FIFTH TALE

The Rev. Thomas Dixson, Jr., has been held to answer the charge of libel made against him by Judge Kenyon, the President of the Exchequer Commission. Justice Gray, yesterday denied the motion made by the defendant's counsel to dismiss the complaint on the ground that when the libel, which is admitted, was uttered the defendant believed it to be true, and the publication was honestly made.

In the prosecution of this case there ought to be, and doubtless will be, no desire to inflict severe penalties on the accused, if he should be convicted. But there has recently been so much recklessness of assertion and such violence of personal denunciation in the pulpit that all fair-minded and intelligent citizens feel that a check ought to be imposed.

"I am sorry I hear of your having got into a position of being called a 'mug-wump' and I am sorry that you want to buy a fine blanket for a mushy medium," he inquired after a pointed salutation.

"No," he responded sharply. "We don't keep a mush."

"Perhaps something about a shepherd dog you would be disposed to venture?" he asked.

"We've got an shepherd dog, others," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon," he persisted. "What do you mean by 'others'?"

"We've got nothing but the dog up there," he said.

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